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WHEN DREAMS CAME TRUE

BY
J. B. LASLEY

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JOHN P. MORTON & COMPANY
INCORPORATED
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY
1922

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MAY 11 1922

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DEDICATED TO MY FRIEND

REX FULLER SMITH

Who endured the tortures of hell for four long
years, sacrificing the ties of home and
country, to fight for a principle,
under an alien flag

When Dreams Came True

I

THE train was slowly crawling up the mountain-side and we were enjoying a bedtime smoke before retiring to our berths. Everything had become quiet in the smoker as we sat there listening to the puffing of the engine as it slowly climbed the grade; suddenly one of the occupants, a mere boy, arose and after throwing his cigar away bade us goodnight.

After he left us one of my companions remarked:

"Did you notice that boy's face? He is a youngster but that face is as old as the Pyramids, and those lines were carved by trouble. His story would be interesting, no doubt."

I had noticed the boy that afternoon when he first came into the Pullman. He had attracted my attention by the old and worn expression that would come over his face at times, causing him to have the appearance of a much older man. Lines were there that the masseur could not erase, and I felt sure that only the deepest suffering and the

greatest trials could be responsible for the story that was indelibly engraved upon his countenance.

For a moment we sat in silence wondering what the story of this young-old boy could be, when George Grew, a Kentucky horseman, who had been smoking silently, withdrew his cigar and leaned toward us.

George eyed us intently for a moment and remarked:

"You are right about the boy, he has suffered as few men ever suffer and live. His story sounds more like some fairy tale than truth. I have known him since infancy and have followed his career carefully, and will tell you his story if you care to hear it."

By this time we were all listening intently, and George began:

"The boy's name is Jack Logan and he was born in a small country village down in the Black Patch of Kentucky. He grew up in the open and was a jolly, carefree little shaver. His dad was his pal, and hour after hour they would romp and play together over the hills and through woodlands.

"Jack was full of romance from his infancy. Every tree was the home of some woodland nymph,

fairies danced in the grassy dells and the great god Pan was the ruler of his enchanted domain.

"Later he lived in the woods with Robin Hood and fair maid Marian, killing the king's deer, and going on wonderful expeditions with jolly Friar Tuck.

"He fought for the freedom of Scotland with Bruce, he rescued Napoleon from Elba and placed him again upon the throne of France; again with Lee and Jackson he marched through the valleys of Virginia; always he was fighting for a lost cause and living in a wonderful land of make believe.

"When he was fourteen years old his dad was brought home one afternoon on a cot. Ed Logan was a contractor and had been on a job for one of the big coal companies near his home. That afternoon he had been struck by a falling timber and hurled to the ground fifty feet below. He lived only a few hours, and Jack's first trouble came in the loss of his pal and playmate, and it was days before the boy recovered from the shock and was himself again.

"He was in school until he was eighteen and progressed rapidly in his studies, for he had a quick, bright mind, but he was different from the other boys in his classes. He did not care for the

social gatherings that were enjoyed by other boys his age, and was never known to have a boyhood sweetheart.

"If he could slip quietly away into the woods where he could wander about and dream he was happy. His thoughts were his own and he seldom confided to anyone, but he has told me since that he always had a girl. She was the girl of his imagination, and he called her his Dream Girl. She was as real to him as she would have been had she actually been there, for constant thought and worship had woven her into his heart and brain, and always he was true to her.

"When Jack was nineteen years old he went to Detroit to work for one of the big motor companies. He had been there only a few weeks when he received a telegram calling him to his mother's bedside. He started for home at once but did not arrive in time to see her alive. They put her away in the little country cemetery by the side of her husband, and after the friends had departed Jack went down on his knees between the two little mounds that held all that was near and dear to him and gave way to his pent-up emotions.

"He soon went back to Detroit and devoted himself to his work, but nothing could drive away his loneliness."

II

"One morning in August, 1914, like a flash of lightning from a clear sky, the news came over the wires that Europe was at war. Little Belgium had been invaded, homes were being destroyed and families separated, horrible atrocities were committed, and the suffering was intense, and soon Europe was in the terrible strife.

"One morning Jack started to his work, but he never arrived at the plant. He did just what you might have expected a lonely and romantic boy to do; he was ferried across the river into Canada and had soon enlisted in the Canadian army. At last his opportunity had arrived to put into practice the things he had lived for for years; and as he stood there in the uniform of a Canadian private he ceased to be an American citizen and became instead a cavalier, going forth to battle, and die if necessary, in the cause of freedom and right.

"There was a hurried call from across the sea to send every available man as soon as steamships could bring them. The call was imperative, the situation was desperate. England and France could not hold out much longer against the steadily marching cohorts that seemed to be made of steel.

Swiftly they were being pushed back and unless fresh troops soon arrived and strengthened the line the cause would soon be lost.

"Four days after he had enlisted Jack was steaming out of Halifax with twenty thousand other troops, the first division of Canadian troops to cross the sea. Little did they dream then that only four hundred and forty of them would ever return.

"The voyage was as exciting as were many others later. They steamed slow at times and then it would be full speed ahead. There was an air of mystery that was felt at all times. German subs were sighted and fired on. The nude bodies of a man and woman were picked up and buried at sea, and finally they were met by a convoy of destroyers and carried safely through the war zone into port.

"They were hurried on trains and carried to Purfleet Rifle Range, where they remained three days, and then across the Channel to Bolougne, where they sat in the streets until big motor lorries came for them. After getting in the lorries they were carried to another camp. Here they were allowed to write letters back home and were told to make their wills. After doing this they were loaded in cattle cars and started for the front.

"They had expected to get their preliminary

training in France, but the line was breaking. The troops at the front were worn beyond the point of endurance. There was no time to wait and no time for training, and seven days after they had landed in England they marched into the front line trenches and relieved the tired and worn out British soldiers.

"Raw troops they were, that had no right at that time to be called soldiers. They were without training and many of them did not know how to carry a gun. All of them were ignorant of warfare, but all were in search of the great adventure.

"They had been recruited from every walk of life—clerks with the pallor of the city still upon them, lumbermen from the great north woods, trappers and hunters, grim visaged men who had mushed the trail far up in the Arctic Circle, where the flaming aurora borealis flashed across the sky, and the howl of the malamute was the only sound to break the stillness of the night, fair lads from sunny Dixie with the same high ideals of love and chivalry in their breasts that had made their land famous in ante-bellum days.

"The first night they were in the trenches a German raiding party came over and captured one of their majors and three men. These men were tortured and mutilated and left nailed to doors and

trees where they were found by their companions the following morning.

"This was done to cause terror in the hearts of the raw troops, but these boys were not frightened as the enemy had supposed they would be, for every living man in that outfit went down upon his knees in the presence of Almighty God and their dead comrades and took a blood oath that he would not take a prisoner alive.

"You can only imagine what such warfare means. Every man in the outfit had suddenly become a bloodthirsty veteran with a lust to kill, and when they did receive their baptism of fire they stood and took it like veterans should. Not only did they stand, but the line held when they had almost been annihilated. The world heard and marveled that raw troops could do what they were doing. History was made in that sector that will last as long as time will.

III

"Then the Hun released his poison gas and it took its toll by the thousands. The Canadians suffered the tortures of hell time and again.

"Jack was wounded when he had been on the

front about ten days, and when he left the English hospital at Southampton he was transferred to the Scotch Highlanders and became a 'Jock,' or as they were called by the Germans, 'Ladies of Hell.' Time and again he made his kill and took his victim's ear as the Canadians were wont to do.

"One night he and his 'Buddy,' Al Douglass, a lad from Moose Jaw, Canada, crossed behind the German lines and put a battery of howitzers out of commission, sending their sleeping gun crews 'west.' This battery was located at the foot of Hill 70, and was commanded by the Fifth Landstromers.

"Again he saved his regiment when it had been bottled in the St. Pol sector, and for his daring service he had been decorated by four different countries.

"But the effect of gas, shell shock and the terrible strain was telling on him. Companions of to-day were missing to-morrow. Strong men would lose control of themselves and break down with nerves shattered and bodies trembling, and the lines were beginning to show in his face.

"He saw a fifteen-year old boy swim the Yser Canal, and with his revolver blow up the bridge and himself to stop the German advance. The wires

had failed to work and set off the mine and the Germans were even then beginning to cross the bridge.

"He saw two young Canadian officers, mere boys, volunteer to stay and blow up Hill 60 at Vimy Ridge. The hillside had been mined with eight hundred and forty tons of high explosives, and the enemy was entrenched over the mine. It was necessary that someone be sacrificed to make sure the mine would be exploded at the right time. These boys knew that it meant death, but they went into the mine with a smile on their faces, and Jack helped to seal the entrance before he left, but for days he could see these boys as he last saw them in the tunnel, as they sat there playing cards by the flickering light of a candle, waiting for the end.

"Their company commander was named Robinson, and was loved and respected by all of his men. At the beginning of the war he had married an English girl, and when their son was born he obtained leave and went to her. He had just returned from England and joined his company at Crow's Nest when an offensive was begun. He was told that it would not be necessary for him to go into battle that morning, but he refused to send his men where he did not go himself.

"When they went over that morning he was the first man killed. He fell into a shell hole, and when Jack and Al found him an Australian soldier was robbing his body. He had already taken his personal effects and was cutting his finger off to get his ring. Both boys fired at once and the soldier crumpled into the bottom of the hole. They took the personal belongings of their beloved commander and carefully put them away and some time later Jack delivered them to his widow in England.

IV

"The 'Zero' hour had been set for three-thirty a. m., and they had finished writing their letters home, for well they knew that many of them would never return from that advance. A cold rain was falling that chilled them to the bone and they shivered as they gathered in little groups around the tiny braziers in the dugouts.

"Jack had a premonition that something was going to happen to him. He told his companions that he knew he would get 'his' next morning when he went over the top. He felt it so strongly that he sold his top coat for twenty francs, and paid the

little debts he owed. The boys only laughed at him and joked him about being without his coat when he faced the cold rain the following morning, but try as hard as he could, the feeling would not be suppressed; some sixth sense told him that he was due to 'Go west' that morning.

"He lay there in the mud and cold until at last exhaustion overcame him and he slept, then the big guns commenced to shell the German lines. The explosions from the big shells awoke him and he sat there cold and shivering until an order was shouted in the mouth of the dugout. He and Al crawled out into the trench and stood there in the mud and water, waiting for the barrage to be lifted and the order that would soon come.

"Then the barrage lifted until the shells were dropping behind the German line. Every man stiffened nervously, faces were drawn and pale; when you looked into a man's face you could see his soul, here you read a man's thoughts, and lives were open books, they were veterans of many battles, and had faced not only the grim realities of life but of death. Many times they had gone over the top, but always the suspense was terrible, that sickening sensation in the pit of the stomach could be felt just before the start. Now the 'Sarg' sends

the word down the line, 'Over the top and the best o' luck,' and they crawled out of the trench and began to run forward in the face of machine gun fire.

"Jack had not advanced fifty feet when he was hit. Al saw him as he fell and stopped long enough to administer first aid before he went on. It was thirty-six hours before he was found by stretcher bearers and carried back.

"There seemed to be very little chance to save the poor mangled boy. He had suffered from exposure and the loss of blood, and septic poisoning had set up. At last he was carried to Eastbourn and placed in the hospital with thousands of others.

"For days he tossed on his cot, and in his delirium he would be in the little Kentucky village with dad and mother again. He would roam the fields and woodlands that he had explored years before, and by his side would be that sweet-faced girl who had been his sweetheart and companion in his land of make believe, and in a weak and pitiful way he would call to her and beg her to come and place her hand upon his fevered brow, and when the nurse would gently stroke his forehead he would close his eyes and smile, and call her his Dream Girl.

"And again his brain would clear and he would realize that he was desperately wounded and struggling for life, and then the sordid horror of war would possess him, the aches and pain, the killing and bloodshed, suffering and remorse, and the muddy filth of the trenches. Why should he try to recover to go back to this? There was no one to await his return. Then a great loneliness would steal over him and he would resolve to give up the struggle and seek the peace and rest he was sure he would find in death.

"The doctors and nurses knew that he was making no effort to live, and realized that the end would soon come unless some way could be found to make him fight for life.

V

"Marcus Allen was a typical American business man. His business interests had grown by leaps and bounds when Europe went to war, and it became necessary for him to close his home in the little mid-western city in which he lived and move to New York in order to be in closer touch with his various business interests, and with him went Louise, his only child. Louise was nineteen, and as

pretty as a hot-house flower. Her mother had died when she was small, and Marcus Allen had been both father and mother to her.

For several months Allen had been in England looking after some war contracts in which he was interested, and had carried Louise with him. She had been visiting some friends at Eastbourn, and that morning had brought cigarettes and chocolates to distribute among the wounded soldiers.

"As she came to Jack's cot she paused, and an elderly nurse told her his story; how he had given up his country to fight for a principle under an alien flag, and now he was making the supreme sacrifice because he had no further interest in life, no home, no friends or loved ones to mourn his loss.

"The story touched the girl's heart, and her eyes filled, she leaned over his cot and gently kissed his forehead, and two big tears dropped silently upon his pale and wasted face.

"Jack suddenly opened his eyes and as he gazed into the tear-stained face of the girl above him, a look of wonder and amazement came over his face. He had believed that he was rational, but surely that could not be, for standing over him was the girl he had called so often, the girl that had wandered by his side in the Kentucky woodlands,

who had been with him in the dugouts and trenches of Flanders, his make believe sweetheart, his Dream Girl.

"He reached out wonderingly and touched her hand. It was real and she was alive, a living, breathing being.

"Suddenly he burst into tears and sobbed like a little child. The girl knelt down and gathered the wasted form into her arms. She petted and soothed him while he buried his face in her bosom and poured out his lonely soul. At last he was able to control his emotions and lay back on his pillow. He wanted to talk to her and tell her everything, but the doctor and nurse would not allow him to talk until he had slept, and Louise sat by his cot and held his hand until he was sleeping quietly with a smile upon his lips.

"When Jack awoke from a long refreshing sleep it was with a determination to get well, for now that he had found his dream Girl, there was something to look forward to. Life and happiness were before him.

"Louise came to see him every day and he improved rapidly. When he was able to sit up she would wheel his chair out under the trees and read to him.

"Jack told her of his boyhood dreams, and how he had loved her always, how much she meant to him. How she had always been an ideal, but now that she was a reality, she was his hope of future happiness that made life worth looking forward to.

"She responded to his mood, for she could not keep from loving this blue-eyed boy who worshiped her with his whole being. She realized how he loved her and appreciated her love, because it was something that he had been without until he had found her, and she sought to make up for the emptiness and loneliness he had experienced, and in a very short while she loved him as dearly as he did her.

"Then the time came for him to report. He was well at last and must go and take his place again in the trenches. Now he hated war and wanted it to end so that he could stay with Louise. And when they parted she clung to him and sobbed, tenderly his lips sought hers, and as she raised her tear-filled eyes to his there was a look of tender love and fidelity that he carried back with him to the muddy fields of Flanders.

"Each week he wrote to her, and the letters he received were filled with words of love and comfort.

They made it easier for him to perform his duties, and he took better care of himself. He did not expose himself recklessly as he had done in the past, for he was looking forward to the end of the war, when he could go back home to his Dream Girl and happiness.

"One morning Louise found Jack's name in the list reported killed. Although this had been an error on someone's part, she took it for granted that it was true. Her father went to the War Office and verified the report, for they had given out the names just as they had been received from the front. Her grief was so great that Mr. Allen arranged to carry her back to New York on the first steamer to sail, and a week later they steamed out of Liverpool for home.

"When her letters stopped coming Jack could not understand the reason. He waited in vain, and brooded over it until he was almost wild at times. At first he thought she was sick and was sure she would write in a short time, but still no letter came. The suspense was terrible, and then he got to thinking of the victims he had seen in London after an air raid and he was sure that she was dead.

VI

"One morning Jack had just received his rum ration. A heavy mist hung over the earth, so thick that he could see only a few feet in front of him. Off to the front on a little hillside was a nest of German machine guns. Three unsuccessful attempts had been made to take this position, but each time they had been driven back with heavy loss, and now they were waiting for artillery to be brought up and dislodge them.

"As Jack stood there a sudden determination came over him to climb out of the trench and run toward the German line. The machine gunners would soon see him and his troubles would be over. Had he not lost his Dream Girl almost as soon as he had found her? Now he wanted to be with her.

"He picked up his rifle and a bag of hand grenades and crawled out of the trench. He was away with a good start before he was missed; there was shouting behind him, but he ran on determined to get it over with as soon as possible. The machine guns would soon cut loose, but he would go on as far as possible, and he might be able to get a 'Fritz' or two before they got him. He would do his

best, for this would be his last attempt, and then before he could realize where he was he was on top of one of the machine guns. The gunner was chained to the tripod. Jack saw an expression of amazement and unbelief come over the gunner's face as he ran his bayonet through his throat. Even in death the expression remained fixed as though he could not believe his eyes.

"With a quick twist he removed his bayonet and sprang forward to meet the reserve gunner and ammunition bearers. Twice he fired his rifle and the two men in advance fell. He did not have time to fire a third shot, but clubbed his rifle and met the next man. He heard the bone crush as the butt of the gun descended on the German's head. His knife was in his hand as he met his last opponent and in a moment it was over. Five 'Heinies' had gone 'west' and he was still fighting.

"He crawled from one gun to the next, using his grenades, and sometimes finishing the job with his knife.

"His comrades could not understand his wild rush, but as they heard his rifle, and the explosion of grenades, they begged their officers to allow them to go to his assistance. In a few moments the order was given. Over the top they went with a Highland

yell and pipes playing. Suddenly the mist was lifted, and the line of Scotch troops could be seen as they charged. The sun sparkled and glistened on their bayonets as they ran forward, and as Jack stood on the hillside and watched the magnificent splendor of the brave lads, there came to him the following lines:

"'There's a toss of the sparran,
A swing of the kilt,
And a screech frae the pipes
In blood stirring lilt;
They step out together,
As the pibroch notes swell,
Oh, they're bonnie brae fighters,
The Ladies of Hell.

"'They are far frae the heather,
And far frae the moor,
As the rocks of their hillsides
Their faces are dour.
Oh, 'The Campbells are coming'
Frae carry and fell,
What a thrill to their slogan,
These Ladies of Hell.

"'As they charged at Culloden,
Like fire o'er the brae,
Their brothers are charging
In Flanders to-day,
And one lesson in manners,
The Bosch has learned well,
To make way for the ladies,
The Ladies of Hell.'

"There was firing from all sides, but the guns in front of them were silent, and when they reached the hill they found that everything had been cleared for them. Jack was safe but five machine guns were out of commission, and their crews had 'Gone West.' He had completed the job thoroughly.

"Some weeks later when General Petain had pinned the Croix de Guerre upon his breast, and had saluted him upon both cheeks according to the French custom, in the presence of a number of staff officers, a bitter smile crossed Jack's face. He was thinking of the irony of fate. All of the honors that were coveted by a soldier had been bestowed upon him, and yet he did not value all of these one-half as much as he did the smile of a sweet-faced girl he had won and lost.

"August of that year was the beginning of the

end. The German line was broken, and the Allies started their great drive; then in November the Armistice was signed.

"Jack was stationed at Rouen for some time as a royal messenger, and carried dispatches to various European countries until he was sent back to London almost a year later. Here he learned that Louise was alive, and that she and her father had returned to New York, believing that he had been killed.

"His joy almost overcame him when he found that she was alive, and he could hardly wait to get home and get his discharge, but finally he sailed for Halifax. After landing he was sent to Montreal, where he was discharged in November, 1919.

"He left at once; going to New York he went to the hotel where Louise and her father had lived, but learned that they had not been there for eighteen months, and could not learn where they had gone. He searched all of the hotels and apartment houses in the city, but could learn nothing of them. They were not listed in any of the city or telephone directories, and after searching for months without finding a trace of them he gave up, heartsick and discouraged and came back to Kentucky.

VII

"My stable was at Churchill Downs, and I had entered Bourbon Bell in the Kentucky Derby.

"I was standing in front of the Seelbach when Jack came up and spoke to me. I had not seen him for four and a half years, and I hardly knew him. His face was lined and haggard because of the troubles and horrors he had experienced.

"I carried him to my room where he told me his story. After he had finished he said, 'George, I have been searching for Louise for six months now, and sometimes I am tempted to believe that it was only a dream, that I only saw her in my delirium, and then I remember the light of love that I saw in her eyes when I left her at Eastbourn, and then I know that I shall never rest until I have found her again. I have dreamed of a home, for her, and happiness, and if I knew that I would not find her I would regret that I did not find a resting place beneath the poppy fields of Flanders;' and there was a sad far-away look in his eyes.

"I did my best to cheer him, and tried to get him interested in the Derby, which was to be the great event of the morrow.

"While we were talking there was a knock on the door, and Ed White with several eastern horsemen came into the room. They were looking for some excitement and one of them had suggested that they come to my room and start a poker game. I knew that the stakes would be high, and after I had introduced Jack to them, I explained that he was an old friend whom I had not seen for years; pleading this excuse to keep him out of the game, I placed my room at their disposal, and we arose to depart.

"Billie Morley, a young Pittsburger with more money than brains, insisted that Jack roll high dice with him for one hundred dollars. There was a sneering inference in his tone and I was about to remonstrate, when Jack accepted his challenge as though he had been invited to pitch pennies. A pair of cubes was produced and each of them accepted one. Billie rolled and Jack topped him. It had been a breathless moment for me, for I knew that Jack had very little money. Billie insisted on rolling again, and again Jack won. For thirty minutes they kept it up and Jack continued to win, and at the expiration of that time Billie was broke and Jack had won three thousand dollars.

"I was up early the next morning and started

out to the track. It was a beautiful spring morning, and even at that early hour the streets were crowded with the great throng that had gathered there for the great race. The hotels and rooming houses were overflowing, and some of the visitors had slept in their automobiles as they were parked along the main thorofares of the city. The railroad yards were crowded with private cars from all parts of the United States and Canada. People from southern Indiana and the Bluegrass were arriving in motors by the hundreds to see the great turf classic run that afternoon.

"The aristocracy of the turf would be represented there that day, not only on the track, but in the stands. Horsemen had been breeding and training for years to produce a horse that would be a Derby contender. Each of the twelve entries that would start that afternoon could be traced back through a long line of blue blooded ancestors, and each would show the perfection of the trainer's art. The greatest racing stables of America were represented.

"Fifty thousand wild and enthusiastic spectators were crowded in the stands and around the track, and just before the start I went into the betting shed to look for Jack. I had advised him

to place a bet on my entry, Bourbon Belle, because I felt almost sure that she would win.

"I found him as he was worming his way out of the shed, and when I asked him if he had placed his bet, he gave me a peculiar smile and said, 'I shot the whole roll, George,' and I must confess that it made me a bit uneasy.

"We crowded down against the rail where we could get a good view of the start and finish, and in a moment they were off.

"Twelve of the most magnificent specimens of horse flesh in the whole world, and as they flashed by us we could see the long sinewy muscles as they slipped and glided beneath the shining coats.

"Every inch of that track was contested that day. The gamest bunch of horses that ever competed in a Derby race fought for supremacy. Almost all of the way they ran in a bunch. I could see my colors as Bourbon Belle would forge ahead or slip back, and after ages, it seemed to me, they were down in the stretch, where the last gallant struggle would be made.

"They were running in a bunch not two hundred feet from the wire, and it was anybody's race; when suddenly a beautiful bay mare, that seemed to have been sired by lightning, sprang out

to the front. She was the swiftest thing I had ever seen on the track, and I have been following the game for more than twenty years. With every jump she widened the distance, and as she came under the wire she was a good length ahead.

"Another great race had been run, and in the twinkling of an eye an unknown horse had become famous, for the winner was a rank outsider, and no one had believed that she had a chance to win.

"Hearts of owners, trainers, jockeys and stable boys were hurt and aching, for fame and fortune had just been snatched from their grasp. I know, for I experienced that feeling; and then I thought of Jack, and my heart almost stopped beating, for it was on my advice that he had placed all of his money on Bourbon Belle, and by doing so he had been robbed of his opportunity to take up his search for Louise again.

"The great crowd, dumbfounded for a moment, had come to its feet and was madly cheering as the great floral wreath was placed about the neck of the Derby winner.

"I turned to face Jack with a feeling of dread, and tried to swallow the lump that came up in my throat.

"'It sure is rotten luck, boy,' and then I almost choked.

"But he did not look at me when I turned. He was standing there rigid, gazing at some one up in the stand, with an expression of rapture on his face and a joyful look in his eyes. Suddenly he threw a package to me and darted away through the crowd, but as he left my side I heard him mutter 'Louise.'

"I stood and watched him until he disappeared, and then examined the package he had tossed to me when he left; you could have knocked me over with a feather, I was stunned and surprised, for there was three thousand dollars' worth of tickets on 'Dream Girl,' the Derby winner, that would be worth almost seventy thousand dollars when they were cashed.

"When he and Louise came to me at the hotel that evening and I handed him a certified check for his winnings, he thanked me and told me how he had gone down in the betting shed to place a small bet on my horse, and when he looked up at the board the first horse listed was 'Dream Girl.' His thoughts had gone back to boyhood, and then to Louise; when suddenly the impulse came to play the horse whose name meant so much to him, and he played all he had. Then he had looked up in the

stand and had seen Louise, and in his happiness and excitement he had forgotten all about his tickets.

"He continued, 'George, I have won something that is worth far more to me than my winnings on the Derby. I have found my girl and have won happiness,' and there was a happy look upon his face."

Grew threw the end of his cigar away as he arose and continued:

"To-morrow he will meet Louise in Washington, where they will be married and start on their honeymoon."

VIII

I was one of the first passengers to get off the car next morning when the train pulled into Washington. After taking my bag from the porter, I walked through the shed into the station. Standing near the gate was a girl, the most beautiful and radiant creature that I had ever seen; she was slender and of medium height, beautifully formed, and every movement and line of her body was one of poise and grace. Her hair was dark, and the face was set off by the little plaid turban she was

wearing. Her eyes seemed studded with diamonds, and as she stood there with her ruby lips slightly parted in an attitude of expectation, something seemed to hold me and I could not move on. As I stood there watching her she gave a glad little cry and sprang forward to meet one of my fellow passengers. It was Jack Logan, and the lines of trouble and care had vanished from his face. The light of love was in his eyes as he tenderly folded this beautiful girl in his arms, and I knew that at last his dreams had come true.

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